

Camelia Jordana

"Back To Black"

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(Mark Ronson/Amy Winehouse)

He left no time to regret, kept his dick wet with his
same old safe bet.
Me and my head high and my tears dry, get on without
my guy.
And I tread a troubled track, my odds are stacked, I'll
go back to black.

We only said goodbye with words, I died a hundred
times.
You go back to her and I go back to... I go back to us.

I love you much, it's not enough, you love blow and I
love puff.
And life is like a pipe, and I'm a tiny penny rolling up
the walls inside.

We only said goodbye with words, I died a hundred
times.
You go back to her and I go back to...
We only said goodbye with words, I died a hundred
times.
You go back to her and I go back to...

Black, black, I go back to, I go back to black.

We only said goodbye with words, I died a hundred
times.
You go back to her and I go back to...
We only said goodbye with words, I died a hundred
times.
You go back to her and I go back to black.

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